The FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

CHAPTER XV.

Wayland Hears From Home.

IT was almost noon of the fourth day when the supervisor called up to say that he was at the office and would reach the ranch at 3 o'clock.

"I wish you would come home at once," his wife argued, and something in her voice convinced him that he was more needed at home than in the town.

"All right, mother. Hold the fort an hour, and I'll be there."

Mrs. McFarlane met him at the hitching bar, and it required but a glance for him to read in her face a troubled state of mind.

"This has been a disastrous trip for Berrie," she said after one of the hands had relieved the supervisor of his horse.

"In what way?"

She was a bit impatient. "Mrs. Belden is filling the valley with the story of Berrie's stay in camp with Mr. Norcross."

His face showed a graver line. "It couldn't be helped. The horses had to be followed, and that youngster could not do it, and, besides, I expected to get back that night. Nobody but an old snoop like Seth Belden would think evil of our girl, and, besides, Norcross is a man to be trusted."

"Of course he is, but the Beldens are ready to think evil of any one connected with us. And Cliff's assault on Wayland"—

He looked up quickly. "Assault! Did he make trouble?"

"Yes. He overtook them on the trail and would have killed Norcross if Berrie hadn't interfered. He was crazy with jealousy."

"Nash didn't say anything about any assault."

"He didn't know it. Berrie told him that Norcross fell from his horse."

"Good God! I never suspected a word of this. I didn't think he'd do that."

He fixed another penetrating look upon her face, and his voice was vibrant with anxiety as he said, "You don't think there's anything—wrong?"

"No, nothing wrong, but she's profoundly in love with him. I never have seen her so wrapped up in any one. She thinks of nothing else. It scares me to see it, for I've studied him closely and I can't believe he feels the same toward her. His world is so different from ours. I don't know what to do or say. I fear she is in for a period of great unhappiness."

The return of the crew from the corral cut short this conference, and when McFarlane went in Berrie greeted him with such frank and joyous expression that all his fears vanished.

"Did you come over the high trail?" she asked.

"No. I came your way. I didn't want to take any chances of getting mired. It's still raining up there," he answered; then turned to Wayland: "Here's your mail, Norcross, a whole hatful of it—and one telegram in the bunch. Hope it isn't serious."

Wayland took the bundle of letters and retired to his room, glad to escape the persistent stare of the cowhands. The dispatch was from his father and was curt and specific as a command: "Shall be in Denver on the 23d. Meet me at the Palmer House. Am on my way to California. Come prepared to join me on the trip."

With the letters unopened in his lap he sat in silent thought, profoundly troubled by the instant decision which this message demanded of him. At first glance nothing was simpler than to pack up and go. He was only a tourist in the valley, with no intention of staying, but there was Berea! To go meant a violent end of their pleasant romance. To think of flight saddened him, and yet his better judgment was clearly on the side of going. "Much as I like her, much as I admire her, I cannot marry her. The simplest way is to frankly tell her so and go. It seems cowardly, but in the end she will be happier."

His letters carried him back into his own world. One was from Will Halliday, who was going with Professor Holsman on an exploring trip up the Nile. "You must join us. Holsman has promised to take you on." Another classmate wrote to know if he did not want to go into a land deal on the gulf of Mexico. A girl asked: "Are you to be in New York this winter? I am. I've decided to go into this suffrage movement." And so, one by one, the threads which bound him to eastern city life respun their filaments. After all, this Colorado outing, even though it should last two years, would only be a vacation. His real life was in the cities of the east. Charming as Berea was, potent as she seemed, she was, after all, a fixed part of the mountain land and not to be taken from it. At the moment marriage with her appeared absurd.

A knock at his door and the supervisor's voice gave him a keen shock. "Come in," he called, springing to his feet with a thrill of dread, of alarm.

McFarlane entered slowly and shut the door behind him. His manner was serious and his voice gravely gentle as he said. "I hope that telegram does not call you away."

"It is from my father asking me to meet him in Denver," answered Norcross, with faltering breath. "He's on his way to California. Won't you sit down?"

The older man took a seat with quiet dignity. "Seems like a mighty fine chance, don't it? I've always wanted to see the coast. When do you plan for to pull out?"

"I haven't decided to go at all. I'm still dazed by the suddenness of it. I didn't know my father was planning this trip."

"I see. Well, before you decide to go I'd like to have a little talk with you. My daughter has told me part of what happened to you on the trail. I want to know all of it. You're young, but you've been out in the world, and you know what people can say about you and my girl." His voice became level and menacing as he added, "And I don't intend to have her put in wrong on account of you."

Norcross was quick to reply. "Nobody will dare accuse her of wrongdoing. She's a noble girl. No one will dare to criticise her for what she could not prevent."

"You don't know the Beldens. My girl's character will be on trial in every house in the county tomorrow. The Belden side of it will appear in the city papers. Sympathy will be with Clifford. Berrie will be made an issue by my enemies. They'll get me through her."

"Good Lord," exclaimed Norcross in sudden realization of the gravity of the case, "what beasts they are!"

"Moore's gang will seize upon it and work it hard," McFarlane went on, with calm insistence. "They want to bring the district forester down on me. This is a fine chance to badger me. They will make a great deal of my putting you on the roll. Our little camping trip is likely to prove a serious matter to us all."

"Surely you don't consider me at fault."

Worried as he was, the father was just. "No, you're not to blame. No one is to blame. It all dates back to the horses quitting camp. But you've got to stand pat now for Berrie's sake."

"But what can I do? I'm at your service. What role shall I play? Tell me what to do and I will do it."

McFarlane was staggered, but he answered: "You can at least stay on the ground and help fight. This is no time to stampede."

"You're right. I'll stay, and I'll make any statement you see fit. I'll do anything that will protect Berrie."

McFarlane again looked him squarely in the eyes. "Is there a—an agreement between you?"

"Nothing formal—that is, I mean I admire her, and I told her"— He stopped, feeling himself on the verge of the irrevocable. "She's a splendid girl," he went on. "I like her exceedingly, but I've known her only a few weeks."

McFarlane interrupted. "Girls are flighty critters," he said sadly. "I don't know why she's taken to you so terrible strong, but she has. She don't seem to care what people say so long as they do not blame you. But if you should pull out you might just as well cut her heart to pieces"— His voice broke, and it was a long time before he could finish. "You're not at fault—I know that—but if you can stay on a little while and make it an ounce or two easier for her and for her mother I wish you'd do it."

Wayland extended his hand impulsively. "Of course I'll stay. I never really thought of leaving." In the grip of McFarlane's hand was something warm and tender.

Berrie could not be entirely deceived. She read in her father's face a subtle change of line which she related to something Wayland had said. "Did he tell you what was in the telegram? Has he got to go away?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, he said. It was from his father."

"What does his father want of him?"

"He's on his way to California and wants Wayland to go with him, but Wayland says he's not going."

A pang shot through Berrie's heart. "He mustn't go—he isn't able to go," she exclaimed, and her pain, her fear, came out in her sharpened, constricted tone. "I won't let him go—till he's well."

Mrs. McFarlane gently interposed. "He'll have to go, honey, if his father needs him."

"Let his father come here." She rose and, going to his door, decisively knocked. "May I come in?" she demanded rather than asked before her mother could protest. "I must see you."

Wayland opened the door, and she entered, leaving her parents facing each other in mute helplessness.

Mrs. McFarlane turned toward her husband with a face of despair. "She's ours no longer, Joe. Our time of bereavement has come."

He took her in his arms. "There, there, mother, don't cry. It can't be helped. You cut loose from your parents and came to me in just the same way. Our daughter's a grown woman and must have her own life. All we can do is to defend her against the coyotes who are busy with her name."

"But what of him, Joe; he don't care for her as she does for him. Can't you see that?"

"He'll do the right thing, mother; he told me he would. He knows how much depends on his staying here now, and he intends to do it."

"But in the end, Joe, after this scandal is lived down, can he—will he—marry her? And if he marries her can they live together and be happy? His way of life is so different. He can't content himself here, and she can't fit in where he belongs. It all seems hopeless to me. Wouldn't it be better for her to suffer for a little while now than to make a mistake that may last a lifetime"

"Mebbe it would, mother, but the decision is not ours. She's too strong for us to control. She's of age, and if she comes to a full understanding of the situation she can decide the question a whole lot better than either of us."

"That's true," she sighed. "In some ways she's bigger and stronger than both of us. Sometimes I wish she were not so self reliant."

When Wayland caught the startled look on Berrie's face he knew that she had learned from her father the contents of his telegram and that she would require an explanation.

"Are you going away?" she asked.

"Yes. At least, I must go down to Denver to see my father. I shall be gone only overnight."

"And will you tell him about our trip?" she pursued, with unflinching directness. "And about—me?"

He gave her a chair and took a seat himself before replying. "Yes, I shall tell him all about it and about you and your father and mother. He shall know how kind you've all been to me."

He said this bravely, and at the moment he meant it, but as his father's big, impassive face and cold, keen eyes came back to him his courage sank, and in spite of his firm resolution some part of his secret anxiety communicated itself to the girl, who asked many questions with intent to find out more particularly what kind of man the elder Norcross was.

Wayland's replies did not entirely reassure her. He admitted that his father was harsh and domineering in character and that he was ambitious to have his son take up and carry forward his work. "He was willing enough to have me go to college till he found I was specializing on wrong lines. Then I had to fight in order to keep my place. He's glad I'm out here, for he thinks I'm regaining my strength. But just as soon as I'm well enough he expects me to go to Chicago and take charge of the western office. Of course I don't want to do that. I'd rather work out some problem in chemistry that interests me, but I may have to give in for a time at least."

"Will your mother and sisters be with your father?"

"No, indeed! You couldn't get any one of them west of the Hudson river with a log chain. My sisters were both born in Michigan, but they want to forget it. They pretend they have forgotten it. They both have New Yorkitis. Nothing but the big hotels will do them now."

"I suppose they think we're all 'Injuns' out here?"

"Oh, no, not so bad as that. But they wouldn't comprehend anything about you except your muscle. That would catch 'em. They'd worship your splendid health, just as I do. It's pitiful the way they both try to put on weight. They're always testing some new food, some new tonic. They'll do anything except exercise regularly and go to bed at 10 o'clock."

CHAPTER XVI.

Deserting the Ranch.

ALL that Wayland said of his family deepened Berrie's dismay. Their interests were so alien to her own.

"I'm afraid to have you go even for a day," she admitted, with simple honesty, which moved him deeply. "I don't know what I should do if you went away. I think of nothing but you now."

Her face was pitiful, and he put his arm about her neck as if she were a child. "You mustn't do that. You must go on with your life just as if I'd never been. Think of your father's job—of the forest and the ranch."

"I can't do it. I've lost interest in the service. I never want to go into the high country again, and I don't want you to go either. It's too savage and cruel."

"That is only a mood," he said confidently. "It is splendid up there. I shall certainly go back some time."

"Of course, we are not rich, but we are not poor, and my mother's family is one of the oldest in Kentucky." She uttered this with a touch of her mother's quiet dignity. "Your father need not despise us."

"So far as my father is concerned, family don't count and neither does money. But he confidently expects me to take up his business in Chicago, and I suppose it is my duty to do so. If he finds me looking fit he may order me into the ranks at once."

"I'll go there. I'll do anything you want me to do," she urged. "You can tell your father that I'll help you in the office. I can learn. I'm ready to use a typewriter—anything."

He was silent in the face of her naive expression of self sacrificing love, and after a moment she added hesitatingly: "I wish I could meet your father. Perhaps he'd come up here if you asked him to do so."

He seized upon the suggestion. "By George, I believe he would! I don't want to go to town. I just believe I'll wire him that I'm laid up here and can't come."

A knock at the door interrupted Wayland, and Mrs. McFarlane's voice, filled with new excitement, called out, "Berrie, the district office is on the wire!"

Berrie opened the door and confronted her mother, who said, "Mr. Evingham phones that the afternoon papers contain an account of a fight at Coal City between Settle and one of Alec Belden's men and that the district forester is coming down to investigate it."

"Let him come," answered Berrie defiantly. "He can't do us any harm. What was the row about?"

"I didn't hear much of it. Your father was at the phone."

"What is it all about, father?" asked Berrie.

"Why, it seems that after I left yesterday Settle rode down the valley with Belden's outfit, and they all got to drinking, ending in a row, and Tony beat one of Belden's men almost to death. The sheriff has gone over to get Tony, and the Beldens declare they're going to railroad him. That means we'll all be brought into it. Belden has seized the moment to prefer charges against me for keeping Settle in the service and for putting a nonresident on the roll as guard. The whelp will dig up everything he can to queer me with the office. All that kept him from doing it before was Cliff's interest in you."

"He can't make any of his charges stick," declared Berrie.

"Of course he can't. He knows that. But he can bring us all into court. You and Mr. Norcross will both be called as witnesses, for it seems that Tony was defending your name. The papers call it 'a fight for a girl.' Oh, it's a sweet mess. You and Berrie and Mrs. McFarlane must get out of here before you are subpoenaed."

"And leave you to fight it out alone?" exclaimed his wife. "I shall do nothing of the kind. Berrie and Mr. Norcross can go."

"That won't do," retorted McFarlane quickly. "That won't do at all. You must go with them. I can take care of myself. I will not have you dragged into this muckhole."

Berrie now argued against running away. Her blood was up. She joined her mother. "We won't leave you to inherit all this trouble. Who will look after the ranch? Who will keep house for you?"

McFarlane remained firm. "I'll manage. Don't worry about me. Just get out of reach. The more I consider this thing the more worrisome it gets. Suppose Cliff should come back to testify?"

"He won't. If he does I'll have him arrested for trying to kill Wayland," retorted Berrie.

"And make the whole thing worse! No; you are all going to cross the range. You can start out as if for a little turn round the valley and just naturally keep going. It can't do any harm, and it may save a nasty time in court."

"One would think we were a lot of criminals," remarked Wayland.

"That's the way you'll be treated," retorted McFarlane. "Belden has retained old Whitby, the foulest old brute in the business, and he'll bring you all into it if he can."

"But running away from it will not prevent talk," argued his wife.

"Not entirely, but talk and testimony are two different things. Suppose they call daughter to the stand? Do you want her cross examined as to what basis there was for this gossip? They know something of Cliff's being let out and that will inflame them. He may be at the mill this minute."

"I guess you're right," said Norcross sadly. "Our delightful excursion into the forest has led us into a predicament from which there is only one way of escape, and that is flight."

McFarlane was again called to the telephone. Landon, with characteristic brevity, conveyed to him the fact that Mrs. Belden was at home and busily phoning scandalous stories about the country. "If you don't stop her she's going to poison every ear in the valley," ended the ranger.

"You'd think they'd all know my daughter well enough not to believe anything Mrs. Belden says," responded McFarlane bitterly.

"All the boys are ready to do what Tony did. But nobody can stop this old fool's mouth but you. Cliff has disappeared, and that adds to the excitement."

"Thank the boys for me," said McFarlane, "and tell them not to fight. Tell 'em to keep cool. It will all be cleared up soon."

As McFarlane went out to order the horses hooked up Wayland followed him as far as the bars. "I'm conscience smitten over this thing, supervisor, for I am aware that I am the cause of all your trouble."

"Don't let that worry you," responded the older man. But he spoke with effort. "It can't be helped. It was all unavoidable."

"The most appalling thing to me is the fact that not even your daughter's popularity can neutralize the gossip of a woman like Mrs. Belden. My being an outsider counts against Berrie, and I'm ready to do anything—anything," he repeated earnestly. "I love your daughter, Mr. McFarlane, and I'm ready to marry her at once if you think best. She's a noble girl, and I cannot bear to be the cause of her calumniation."

There was mist in the supervisor's eyes as he turned them on the young man. "I'm right glad to hear you say that, my boy." He reached out his hand, and Wayland took it. "I knew you'd say the word when the time came. I didn't know how strongly she felt toward you till today. I knew she liked you, of course, for she said so, but I didn't know that she had plum set her heart on you. I didn't expect her to marry a city man, but I like you, and—well, she's the doctor. What suits her suits me. Don't you be afraid of her not meeting all comers." He went on after a pause, "She's never seen much of city life, but she'll hold her own anywhere, you can gamble on that."

"She has wonderful adaptability, I know," answered Wayland slowly. "But I don't like to take her away from here—from you."

"If you hadn't come she would have married Cliff, and what kind of a life would she have led with him?" demanded McFarlane. "I knew Cliff was rough, but I couldn't convince her that he was cheap. I live only for her happiness, my boy, and, though I know you will take her away from me, I believe you can make her happy, and so—I give her over to you. As to time and place, arrange that—with—her mother." He turned and walked away, unable to utter another word.

Wayland's throat was aching also, and he went back into the house with a sense of responsibility which exalted him into sturdier manhood.

Berea met him in a pretty gown, a dress he had never seen her wear, a costume which transformed her into something entirely feminine. She seemed to have put away the self reliant manner of the trail and in its stead presented the lambent gaze, the tremulous lips of the bride. As he looked at her thus transfigured his heart cast out its hesitancy, and he entered upon his new adventure without further question or regret.

It was 3 o'clock of a fine, clear, golden afternoon as they said goodby to McFarlane and started eastward, as if for a little drive. Berrie held the reins in spite of Wayland's protestations. "These broncbos are only about half busted," she said. "They need watching. I know them better than you do." Therefore he submitted, well knowing that she was entirely competent and fully informed.

At last the topmost looming crags of the continental divide cut the skyline, and then in the smooth hollow between two rounded grassy summits Berrie halted, and they all silently contemplated the two worlds. To the west and north lay an endless spread of mountains, wave on wave, snow lined, savage, sullen in the dying light, while to the east and southeast the foothills faded into the plain, whose dim cities, insubstantial as flecks in a veil of violet mist, were hardly distinguishable without the aid of glasses.

Berrie turned in her seat and was about to take up the reins when Wayland asserted himself. "Wait a moment. Here's where my dominion begins. Here's where you change seats with me. I am the driver now."

She looked at him with questioning, smiling glance. "Can you drive? It's all the way downhill—and steep."

"If I can't I'll ask your aid. I'm old enough to remember the family carriage. I've even driven a four in hand."

Their descent was rapid, but it was long after dark before they reached Flume, which lay up the valley to the right. It was a poor little decaying mining town set against the hillside, and had but one hotel, a sun warped and sagging pine building just above the station.

"Not much like the Profile house," said Wayland as he drew up to the porch. "But I see no choice."

"There isn't any," Berrie assured him.

To be continued

Introduced Wire Nails.

Wire nails were first made in the United States by William Hersel of New York, about 1851. In 1875 Father Goebel, a Catholic priest, located at Covington, Ky., coming from Germany, where the art of making wire nails was practiced, Goebel began the manufacture of wire nails at Covington, and in 1876, the American Wire & Screw Nail company was established under his leadership. At first the nails were made by hand, but soon a French machine was imported. For a time the wire nails were made with barks, that they might hold more securely, and the new industry grew but slowly. In 1876 at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, the company received a silver medal over French and German competitors. This called the attention of trade to the article, and other firms at once took up its manufacture.

Two Crops of Lemons.

By an interesting yet simple method two crops of lemons are obtained in Sicily during the year, though the second is in every way inferior. The abnormal fruit is known as the Verdelli lemon, and is marketed during the summer months. The Verdelli lemon, green in color, grows contemporaneously on the same trees with the ordinary or yellow lemon of commerce, and is obtained by the following method: The lemon tree, which flowers in April, is kept without water from that period until July, when the roots are heavily flooded for a time. This results in a second set of blossoms, from which will come the Verdelli lemon. The ordinary lemon crop is picked in the months beginning with October, but the Verdelli lemons do not mature until the next May.

Bill's Peculiarity.

Dinah had not seen her old mistress for two or three years. "For de lan' sake, missy, I sure is glad to see you again! How's all de folks?"

"All just about the same, Dinah; and how is it with you?"

"Oh, we's all 'bout de same, 'cept Bill. You 'members my brudder Bill? The young one you used to give cookies to? Well, he sure has growed. Lor', missy, you jest ought to see him! So big and tall, folks all think for sure he am older dan what he is."

"Is that so?"

"Yas'm, dat's de livin' truf. He sure does look older dan what he is; but he ain't."—Woman's Home Companion.

Would Consider.

A sporting member of parliament, who knew more about the race course than the house, was once asked, out of pure mischief, by one of his constituents if he would vote for the abolition of the decalogue. In vain the questioned one tried to solve in his mind what the object referred to was, as to him the decalogue might be anything from a regium donum grant to a settlement in the Straits of Malacca; but failing in this, and in order to sustain his own consistency, he replied: "I won't pledge myself, but I'll give it my consideration."

Nails First Made by Hand.

In northern Europe, Britain and America nails were made, at first, by forging on an anvil. The iron used for hand nail-making was first formed into nail-rods, which were sold in bundles. The nail-rods were prepared either by rolling the malleable thickness or by the much more common practice of cutting plate iron into strips by means of rolling shears. In Colonial days the making of nails from these rods was a household industry among the New England farmers.

The Thirteenth.

"So you are engaged to Miss Preacher." "Yes." "Why, she's been engaged to a dozen men!" "What of that? I'm not superstitious."

Had Heard It Before.

While engaged in a conversation two prominent police magistrates began telling stories of funny cases that had been brought before them.

"Probably the funniest I ever had," remarked one " was an aged colored man, bearing the earmarks of the South, who applied to me for a warrant. The offender, it seems, had been blaspheming Rastus before and he had then appealed to me for aid. Standing before my desk he proceeded as follows:

"'You' honah, I wants a warrant for George Washington. He's dat colored man that you told to be good two weeks ago, but he's been worse'n evah, sah. I can stand him no longah.'

"'Humph,' I remarked, casually, 'Seems to me I have heard that name somewhere before.'

"'Yes, sah,' he answered, with alacrity, 'two weeks ago, sah.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Not Very Comforting.

Mark Twain at a dinner at the Authors' club said: "Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend.' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here tonight to help a stranger while away his evening?' The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerels, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'"

Stop Before You Are Too Tired.

In the Woman's Home Companion Margaretta Tuttle writes a fiction story entitled "The Runaway Rest Cure," in which a physician gives a patient the following good advice:

"It is not the brain, nor the character that suffers first from overwork, but the body; and it is not until after the body has rendered up its excess vitality—its youthfulness—that the nerves begin to pay toll. You are not yet at that place; you are simply physically tired. But this tire is dangerous, because it is the warning that the limit of your physical support is nearly reached. We are coming to learn the value of fatigue as a warning. Those who do the best work stop just before they are tired."

Secret of Laughter.

"The secret of laughter is in the return to nature. Civilization and culture are late additions and we are living to a great extent in artificial conditions. Psychology makes plain the fact that our present mental equipment has been slowly and painfully acquired and a certain strain in maintaining that high altitude is inevitable. This tension is relieved by nonsense and by the portrayal in humorous anecdotes and on the stage of evasions of convention and infractions of the prevailing code of morals and manners.

Forest Industries.

Forest industries supply 12 per cent. of the Dominion foreign trade and 16 per cent of Canada's railroad traffic, and equal in value her annual wheat crop. To make the best of native woods the Dominion department of the interior has established in connection with the forest branch a forest products laboratory. This institution is constantly at work testing wood for papermaking, furniture, etc., and has just completed an investigation into wood paving.

As Other Americans.

Hiram Jones had just returned from a personally conducted tour of Europe. "I suppose," commented a friend, "that when you were in England you did as the English do and dropped your 'h's.'" "No," moodily responded the returned traveler; "I didn't. I did as the Americans do. I dropped the V's and X's." Then he slowly meandered down to the bank to see if he couldn't get the mortgage extended.

Ought to Be Ashamed.

"Are you looking for work?" asked the farmer, eagerly. "Yep," replied Plodding Pete; "what kind of work have you got on hand?" "Almost any kind you want." "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, leavin' so much work undone lyin' around. I ain't goin' to hire out to no sich shiftless man as you."

She Knew.

Little Nellie had lived long enough to gain some knowledge of human nature. One day at school her teacher asked her: "Now, Nellie, tell us what a minute-man is." "A minute-man," replied the little girl, without hesitation, "is a man who wants everything done right away."

From Bad to Worse.

New Boarder—"Our landlady seems to be deeply interested in the European war news." Old Boarder—"Well, I hope she doesn't contemplate the substitution of hardtack and salt pork for hash and prunes."

Just What She Wanted.

The much-traveled young man had just returned from foreign climes, and of course he must entertain his rich old aunt (with whom he was in favor) with stories of the wonderful sights he had seen. "Yes," he said, in the course of his remarks, "there are some spectacles that can never be forgotten." "Dear me," exclaimed the absent-minded old lady; "I do wish you would get me a pair of them, John."

Use for Old Carpet.

A good way to use an old carpet when it has become faded is to turn it on the wrong side, tack it to the floor as firmly as possible (the tacks may be removed later) and give it a coat of dark green floor paint. It may require a second coat. You will have a carpet resembling crex and one that will last a lifetime.

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From Beecher Falls, Canaan, and all points on upper Maine Central Railroad, north of North Stratford, 7.30 p.m.

From Bloomfield and Stratford, 7.30 p.m.

From all local points Portland to Island Pond, 7.30 p.m.

From all local points Portland to Groveton, 1.30 p.m.

From Lancaster, Littleton, White, field, and points on Boston & Maine south of Groveton. 1.37 a.m., 1.30 and 7.30 p.m.

From North Stratford, Groveton, Berlin, Gorham, and all points south and east, 1.37 a.m. and 1.30 and 7.30 p.m.

MAILS CLOSE.

For Newport, Derby, Derby Line, and North; West Derby and Beebe Plain, 1.00 a.m.

For Newport, West Derby, Derby, East Charleston and West Charleston 5.45 a.m.

For Lake, Norton Mills, Averill and Wallis Pond, 6.15 a.m.

For Morgan, and Morgan Center, 7.15a. m.

For Beecher Falls, Canaan, and all points on upper Maine Central Railroad, 1.00 a.m. and 5.30 a.m. and 1.00 p.m.

For Lancaster, Littleton, Whitefield, and points on Boston & Maine Railroad, south of Groveton, 1.00 a.m. and 5.30 a.m.

For local points, Island Pond to Portland, 1.30 a.m. and 5.30 a.m.

For local points, Groveton to Portland, 1.00 p.m.

For Berlin, Gorham, and all points south and east, 1.00 a.m., 5.30 a.m. and 1.00 p.m.

SUNDAY.

From all points south and east, 1.37 a.m. and 1.30 p.m.

Mails close for all points south and east, 1.00 a.m.

Mails for Norton Mills 1.00 a.m.

Rural Delivery carrier arrives 12.30 p.m.

Rural Delivery mails close 6.15 a.m. Except Sunday.

D. P. MACKENZIE, P. M.

The Badge of the Submarine.

As a crown is the badge of kings and three balls are the badge of pawnbrokers, so the badge of a submarine officer is a handful of cotton waste. When the half dozen officers of a modern submarine, clad in their black leather waterproof suits, come aboard, a sailor stands on the tiny gangway to receive them, and to each he hands his waste rolled in a neat ball. The reason is that the steel doors and steel walls of a submarine sweat oil eternally. The steel seats sweat oil. The submarine officer, before opening a door or before sitting down, wipes the oil from the knob or from the seat with an unconscious gesture like that of pulling up the trousers to keep them from bagging.

Construction of Coral.

The varying and indescribable colors of the corals are due to a miscegenation of cells, each one of which has acquired an individual chemical condition from different sea food. Just as the ruby, the sapphire, the amethyst and other of the stony gems took their color from their separate environments, so the coral, builders of reefs which in a year may change the charts of the sea, are transformed into colors such as no artist could imitate. It is fine for the most ordinary mind to study these things as each step in the infinitude of steps in the progress of knowledge leads closer to the original and divine thought.

Cynical.

He—Men are what they eat.

She—I've noticed you're fond of calves' brains.—Baltimore American.

The Practical Side.

"During the entire service you never kept your eyes off the diamonds of the woman in front of you," remonstrated he.

"Well," replied she, "there are sermons in stones."—Philadelphia Ledger.